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THE

FRENCH-CANADIAN PRESS

AND THE

IMPROVEMENTS OF QUEBEC.

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GENTLEMEN,

A few weeks ago, on the 1st of August last, there was held in Paris a very remarkable meeting of special delegates come from every quarter of the globe. This meeting was called the International Congress of Geographical Sciences.

In reference to this meeting the "Opinion Publique" of Montreal had the following ironical remarks: "It must be admitted that it is hard to conceive how a country like Canada, with an area of five millions of square miles, the extent of which exceeds that of the United States (the Alaska Territory included) by thousands of square miles, inferior to that of Europe by three hundred and some odd miles only, how, we repeat, could such a country be overlooked at an International Congress of Geographical Sciences."

Well, gentlemen! this fact that seemed so unlikely to happen has been nevertheless accomplished with the greatest facility. Abstention is always the easiest thing in the world, and had it not been for the friendly zeal of M. Farrenc, an admirer of our country, this immense portion of our continent, extending from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and bearing in french the pretentious name of Puissance, would

probably never have been even mentioned at the Geographical Congress.

After having determined, by a lucid and methodical demonstration, the great divisions of our territory, and after exposing them, assuredly in a new light, M. Farreno concludes thus:

“ I deeply regret that a country whose material development is already so far advanced, and which has now entered the lists to contend for the palm of superiority with the other nations of North America, should possess a knowledge of its physical constitution so inadequate to its importance. It is to be hoped that the canadian people will do their utmost to fill up this void. Should they attend the Geographical Congress, they will find men eager to be enlightened on their country. They will then be enabled to clear up all false conjectures.”

“ This expectation ” “ says the ‘ Opinion Publique ’ must have been shared by a great portion of the population, for nothing less could have been looked for. Canada abstaining from attending the International Geographical Congress reminds one of a trial being called and no lawyer appearing for one of the parties.”

To this appeal made to all the nations of the world Canada alone was deaf. Some time previous to this, a similar congress was held at Nancy. The object of this latter congress was to collect all the documents possible that could throw any light on the history of America before her discovery by Columbus. Such a history most assuredly deserves to be known, for there has been found on this soil, which prejudice still calls virgin, traces of the remotest antiquity and the most advanced civilization. Again on this occasion Canada was missing; she seemed to ignore even her own existence on the face of our planet. Must

we conclude that there was not one single man throughout our vast country capable and fit to appear before a scientific congress, or, if such a man existed, that our government did not even dream of trusting him with the mission ? While foreign news papers reported on the sittings of these two congresses, our Canadian press was as silent as it is generally busy in re-echoing the balderdash which torture a serious mind and diverts it from objects worthy of attention. The world is full of events, pregnant questions are brought up, facts of the highest importance are discussed, and all this does not seem to concern us in the least. If we do obtain an indefinite and doubtful notion of what is going on, it is from foreign reproductions flowing invariably from the same sources, and chosen from among the same and *unique* order of ideas. It is next to forbidden to make a step outside of the usual local sphere, and it is from this stand-point we see every thing that happens in the world. Is there any thing at all outside of the Province of Quebec ? Yes, since we hear a vague noise, a vast murmuring that falls upon the ear without bringing any thing to the mind, like the lonely traveller in the forest, who hears the far-off voice of the ocean revealing an exterior world, which he can neither see nor comprehend.

Cast your eye around the professional circle. There are lawyers, doctors, notaries, priests and surveyors. These are what we call liberal professions. But there is another profession called journalism, so vast that it embraces all the others in its mighty grasp, a profession whose followers must be acquainted with at least the elements of all human sciences. This career suited for apostles only, a mission of such high importance that those who enter upon it must be armed to the teeth, to meet the struggles of the mind and the exercise of the language which speaks to all men, whose object is the intellect of every man, whoso-

ever he may be, seeking above all to satisfy the most noble yearning of man, his avidity for knowledge; tribunal extending its protecting arms over all mankind and holding them ever open even to the humblest member of society in his appeals against any abuses or ill-workings of our institutions, our society or our laws; sanctum whose doors should be open only to men of the highest order, blending superior talent and acquirements with an unimpeachable character, and endowed with a conscience that knows no weakness; career of the most sacred calling, demanding a preparatory noviciate and consecration to authorize its practise....., well, that very career, gentlemen, is with us but a pitiful refuge for intellectual abortions and barren fruits of all kinds.

Gentlemen, the spectacle offered by the French Canadian press is probably the most painful and humiliating one can witness.

With very few exceptions which I shall not mention, but that are well known to every body here present, which of our newspapers is fit to be placed before a foreigner, and who could have courage enough, with such a journal in hand, to proclaim himself a French Canadian in any other country but our own? If on questions of science, history, literature or art, our journalists must appeal to foreign productions, what does the press of other countries borrow from ours in return? It may happen that our press be called upon for some trifling information, but never for anything like a criterion in style or thought. If the low sayings and fishmonger-like invectives which constitute the daily food of our press, were seasoned and dressed up in any definite form, or expressed in anything that could be called a language, of course it would not, it could not be a compensation for what we receive, but it would at least

afford some consolation to those who are better able to judge. But the most abusive vulgarities and overwhelming stupidity are brought before the public dressed up in utter ignorance of language and the most lamentable want of breeding.

The lowest and most selfish passions use our French Canadian press as a weapon and hold it under absolute sway. Envy, calumny, and persecution under every form, have made it their throne, from which they appeal to the most violent and wretched instincts. The moral standard of the public mind and the true state of things are every day traduced and misrepresented by our journals, I was about to say by our journalists, but of these there are none, except a few odd ones whom I would be happy to mention, but the silence in which I would, for charity's sake, bury the others, would be like a tombstone over a grave bearing the would-be-forgotten name of its inhabitant.

Of all professions that of the journalist requires the most refinement in its follower, because in polemics as in censures, dignity of language should never be forgotten. Its study should therefore be long and laborious, since it is not limited to any speciality, but embraces them all. It supposes a thorough knowledge of the world, an observing mind, an education of the highest order, together with a most varied stock of knowledge. And notwithstanding all this, the first fool you meet, devoid of all good-breeding and education, nay the very brat just fresh from the college benches, thinks that all he has to do is to take up a pen and become an editor, just as if one became a writer by the same process that the errand boy becomes a bar-tender.

Is literature an art, or is it merely a stepping stone within the reach of all ?

Are there any fixed laws by which languages are governed in order to prevent the sapping of at least the fundamental rules on which they are constructed, or is it left to each individual to chose his own language and to express it in no matter what words? Is the first condition to be a writer a thorough knowledge of the art he professes, or a presumptuous and unscrupulous imposition on the public? Let me ask any editor if he would dare cut out a statue, while in utter ignorance of the art of sculpting? Of course, he would not; well then! how dare he take up a pen, while ignorant of the first elements of the language he uses in writing! what excuse has he for such encroachments? what right has he to step into this arena of discussion where every effort of the mind is followed by a flash of scientific light, instead of being a field of butchery where the club is the only weapon known? Every journalist is a soldier; but is a soldier a butcher? The editor being the militant man *par excellence*, his pen should be ever ready for action; but who ever saw a soldier face the enemy and not knowing the use of his weapon? Since when are the champions of the mind allowed to march in the ranks of street bullies with no other projectiles but the vocabulary got up on the carter's stand?

The journalist must be prepared for struggles of every kind; arguments, not ruffianism, should be always at his command to maintain an opinion; criticism, the most dangerous and difficult weapon perhaps the editor has to handle, must also be wielded with independance and knowledge over the works of the mind, the only alternative left the writer to form and to express opinions of his own in this country. But where are the critics, where are the newspapers containing articles of this kind wherein can be traced the foot-prints of thought and of study? Every thing is brought down to a common level, and the author of a master-piece will

receive just the same measure of laudations as an author who has given birth to some monstrous production. With us, criticism has been fettered by difficulties indeed too dangerous to face, and as for independance, we shall never enjoy it so long as our press itself be muzzled where the productions of the mind are concerned. The greatest misfortune perhaps for journalism in this country is that it cannot express a free opinion without being at once taxed with heresy by a mob of ignorant and presumptuous scribblers who impose themselves even on our clergy, become their substitutes in action, strip them of their legitimate authority, dictate to them what they have to do, thunder out anathemas, look upon each other as personifying the whole church, and would even enter the Vatican to silence the pope himself.

Such is the foe the independant critic has to contend with. On the other hand, if such criticism be severe, its author will be taxed with professional jealousy, and if it is blind flattery, it will fall into the common sphere of stereotyped appreciations which may be read every day on the third page of the first newspaper you take up.

What then is the true literary man to do in presence of such a state of things ? What is left for him who, though he may lack in talents, has at least the religion of art, and an enthousiastic respect for the high mission they are called upon to fulfill ?—Nothing but disgust and despair. Where is the use, will he say, of devoting one's labour to the culture of an art that is not even acknowledged ? And still, this same art is the most indispensable of all ; for without literature, what would we know, gentlemen, what would we be ? What would become of all the discoveries and the numerous and important steps made by progress, were it not for writers who introduce and explain them to the world ? Do you think, gentlemen, that it is a matter of indifference in what words even truth should be dressed to be presented to the

public ? All the great thinkers, all the profound philosophers, such as Pascal, Bacon, Leibnitz, Descartes, Arago, Herschell, Cuvier, all the sublime discoverers, who were at the same time great writers, will tell you how slow would have been the work of progress, had not the truth that flashed like lighting from their minds also communicated its fire to the language in which they wrote. Yes, the true literary soul makes the human mind his religion and worships the art of expressing its workings. He erects his altar in the sunny region of the ideal, that region to which man should now and then take his flight as a refuge against the gloomy prison the material world raises around him.

But the subject to be treated here is not the pure domain of letters, that sphere so lofty that he who soars therein can hardly look down on our earth without contempt. No, it is the light, easy, current and popular literature of the day, which nevertheless has its rights and its laws. The first of these rights is to exclude from its sanctum all intruders, conceited cynics and masters-long-ears, who deem themselves capable of everything, doubting nothing, and who, making no difference between a pen and a mattock, seize the former as if about to strike, ignorant of the manner to wield it for writing.

Gentlemen, which of you has not seen within the last few years spring up a number of various publications, newspapers, reviews, pamphlets and even volumes, (oh ! I strike my breast) heaps of nothings and of common places, paraded in an outlandish style, day-lived-productions, foreseen abortions, unsightly mass we would in vain tear asunder to find one single idea. The public however is compelled to acknowledge such births, but is almost invariably unaware of the death of these dwarfish productions. Why then are these publications still-born ? or if the live, what do they live on ? By what mysterious trans-

formation does this prolonged imposition assume the name of existence ?

The cause, alas ! must be told. The state of things in this respect is such to day as to constitute in itself the most painful of humiliations for French Canadians. One might be led to believe that our press is a true and faithful thermometer of the moral and educational standard of a whole race. It is therefore the duty of every writer, wielding an independant pen, to no longer overlook that baleful sore extending broadcast and unchecked, but to expose it unflinchingly in order to measure how far and how deep have been its inroads.

In every country, gentlemen, each individual may be considered as participating in the doings around him, and must therefore shoulder his share of the responsibility attached thereto. Should any evil or want, and consequently any necessary reform come to his knowledge, it is his bounden duty to denounce it and if possible to point out the remedy, or at least not to murse the evil by sparing words, but drag it as a culprit before the public and stigmatize it as it deserves.

What has brought the French Canadian press to such a low standard ? why has it so little weight and why are such repulsive things to be found therein, along with such scanty food for the mind ? It is that our national education is defective, I mean that it does not meet the wants of the modern world nor the new social conditions laid down by the progress of science, but above all, that it is blind to the now glaring truth that science instead of being a luxury as heretofore, has to-day become an absolute necessity. Science now-a-days, gentlemen, receives a constant and universal application. The scholar can no longer lock himself up in his study, holding communication with the exterior world only by a few

of the elect, thus keeping science in a state of theoretical bondage; he must come out before the public to offer them a share of the fruits of his labours, and submit his discoveries to the test. Matter seizes upon every new discovery of the mind, and puts it immediately into practice; the savant looks no more on things in a merely ideal point of view. In all his discoveries, great and small, his sole object is the general weal, the perfection of methods as well as instruments and the precuring to commerce, industry and international communications, all the possible means of increase and progress. In fact, gentlemen, there are no more abstract sciences—to-day they are all practical. We are surrounded on all sides by science and every day we can witness its numerous applications; the modern world is constantly appealing to it for new experiments and further developments. In every other country it is the first subject with governments and educational institutions; to neglect it would be to remain perfect strangers to our own actual wants, and nevertheless, in this country science is not only neglected, but overlooked and treated with the utmost indifference. Where are our chairs and professors of history, that science which criticism and modern discoveries have stripped of its old legends and the childish fictions which seem to have formed the main part of its foundation in days gone by? Without going so far, let me ask if our classical institutions provide the student with any valuable notions of geography and history? And no one can deny, gentlemen, that geography is one of the most indispensable studies for any one connected with the press. The numerous international communications and the discoveries that are being made every day place it foremost among the sciences; the journalist draws upon it for his telegraphic despatches, for his foreign news, and in fact for every current question of the day; its knowledge

would prevent those blunders that every day disgrace the columns of our newspapers and would very often save the map of the world from many ignorant and unconcious subversions. We must not be astonished then if neither the local nor federal government has been able to find a man fit to represent our country at the Geographical Congress I mentioned before; doubtless neither ever gave the matter a single thought or weighed the value or importance of a geographical question. I should perhaps make exception for the Hon. M. Letellier de St. Just, who has just returned from an exploration in the North West. It is true that certain busy and malicious tongues are endeavouring to take away from the merit of his trip by insinuating that his sole object was the discovery of a new family situation for some nephew or cousin who might have strayed away in those vast wildernesses, beyond the reach of his fatherly department.

It is Geography, gentlemen, that noble science, which, at the opening of the Congress I above alluded to, elicited the following from its president admiral de la Roncière: "A thorough study and the scientific conquest of our planet has been cut out for us by Providence as a task. This supreme order is one of the imperative duties prescribed to our minds and our enterprise. Geography, which has inspired such sublime abnegation and can reckon so many noble victims, has become the philosophy of the earth.

"However different may be our origin and our tendencies, we all agree in acknowledging the numerous necessities of life with which geography is closely linked, both theoretically and practically."

Well, gentlemen, to come back to what I was saying just now, and to go even still further, I would ask you if the knowledge of the french and english languages is not the most keenly-felt want amongst us. Nevertheless, with this self evident fact staring us in the

face, during the twelve years I have been connected with the press, I have not yet found a single young man from our colleges able to translate even a telegraphic dispatch without making the most unpardonable blunders both in geography and history, proving thereby the absence of the most elementary education in these branches; and as to abstract sciences, every one must admit that with the exception of medicine, which has its special courses, Canada has not yet produced a single man worth notice, except perhaps a few individualities, amongst whom we might mention Mr. Baillargé, who is obliged to give private lessons in mathematics, the Government deeming it unworthy to offer him a professorship or being too busily engaged in protecting itself against impious electors who are not afraid of *offending God*, according to the never-to-be-forgotten words of one of the grandest Vicars as he is also one of the greatest geniuses of Canada. (1)

This question, gentlemen, must be raised to its proper level; it is of the highest importance to our race, if we do not wish to be taunted with our inferiority as to the other elements that compose the population of Canada. True patriotism does not consist in deluding or cramming each other with compliments. When the evil is extreme and the remedy insufficient, it consists in boldly and bluntly telling the truth. I therefore maintain and affirm that if our system of education be not entirely changed, that is, if it be not modernized, in ten years hence, the line of demarcation between us and the Anglo-Saxons will be clearly drawn, leaving us of course, in the back-ground.

Our press, gentlemen, presents a daily spectacle of the most humiliating and shameful nature; with us the title

(1) Grand Vicar Langevin, of Rimouski, stated during the last electoral campaign, "that an elector could not vote for a liberal candidate without offending God."

of journalist seems to carry with it an utter disregard for honesty, decency and good breeding ; the most outrageous and barbarous personalities, vulgarities that would shock the suburban prowler constitute the daily food of our newspapers ; and to all these let us add a want of charity, which is peculiarly remarkable, when, from the tone and mein our journals put on or claim as theirs, charity should be expressly evangelical, I do not say catholic, for that is now almost among the impossibilities, since it appears, gentlemen, that there are only five catholics left in all Lower Canada, hardly enough to save Gomorrh, but most certainly not enough to save a whole province.

Hideous scenes are often witnessed ; the death bed itself is no more sacred, the last breath of the dying man is too slow for the ferocious impatience of a certain press. Bare-faced and aggressive, it enters the chamber respected by death itself. Even on the suffering pillow of a man who is beloved and esteemed by all, it makes the savage inventory of a political succession under the pretence of provisions and combinations, as if such words could deceive the reader, as if the croaking of the raven could bear another name.¹

Is that the spectacle offered by the english press ? Does it lend itself to such revolting doings ? Oh ! no, in the english newspapers there is something to learn, there is something to develop the intellect. Quite the contrary is to be found in ours. Of course there are exceptions, but do you think that if the majority of our editors were possessed, first of that sound education which constitutes the gentleman, together with a serious learning, they would not be the first to blush at the language they use,

1 Allusion to the speculations made by a conservative newspaper in prevision of the death of the Hon. Mr. Geoffrion, a federal minister.

and at the wretched pictures to which they draw the public attention? Do you think that if they were able to treat and discuss the great issues of the day, they would not do away with the low nonsense they lay before us? The mind adorned with a serious and general education prizes it too highly to give itself up for any length of time to balderdash and silliness; unconsciously, and as a consequence of its training, it raises all questions to their natural level and is utterly inaccessible to personalities; our press, on the contrary, far from regulating the public taste and opinion, follows both blindly; it plays no part, but merely becomes noisy, the sole resort of impotency.

From all this, gentlemen, you have come with me to the conclusion that to be an editor requires a solid and extensive study, which is not to be found in our country; it requires also that social education which constitutes the gentleman and the indispensable counterpart of men whose utterings are generally fraught with uncommon responsibility.

II

Gentlemen, you must have all noticed that this year, our good old city of Quebec has shaken herself up; it is true that in doing so she has raised a dust, which is nothing but natural, just like an old coat we take down to brush after it has been hanging up in the garret for a long time. But since improvements are now our hobby, and that we seem to ride it on the road of progress almost to death, I will be allowed, I hope, to make a few of our every-day observations; they are not my own therefore, and I only claim the credit of making them public.

Gentlemen, I who have the honor of addressing you this evening, have made about three thousand miles in

Quebec and its environs, and none of those who have seen me walking will deny my assertion; it is even on this fact that some very good physicians have assured me of the soundness of my legs.....well! notwithstanding all my walking and the thirty six years that will soon have passed over my head, there is one thing I could never get used to. It is this series of circles which, like concentric circles, become narrower and narrower around us until we reach the very heart of the city. No more than two years ago the gates were still standing; to day they are thrown down. Peace to their ashes! St. John's Gate alone has been rebuilt for the consideration of thirty five thousand dollars, and we have preserved it as a monument of our architecture; it is what is called arched architecture. We can indeed imagine nothing better arched than this quadruple arcade through which vehicles and foot passengers follow each other, and which at all seasons offers a safe shelter, with this remarkable feature that when the weather is fine outside, it invariably rains under St. John's gate! Posterity shall ever wonder and will never forgive us for not having constructed a dome over this gate in order to complete its monumental aspect as has been done to all the great historical monuments, from the Parthenon down to St. Peter's of Rome. This dome would have added another arch, which might have been turned into an observatory whence could be viewed all the other monuments that adorn our suburbs. Instead of this, here we are about to throw down the whole thing. What in the world will become of art after such a loss? But to return to what I was saying just now about circles.

The gates once out of the way, the ramparts still remain; after these the glacis, and still further on we have the toll-gates. Everywhere we find obstacles; we are squeezed and penned up, and if by a succession of skilful roundabouts, like the sneaking and creeping hydra, we manage to reach

the limits of the city, here we are bobbing against toll-gates that stand up before us just when we begin to breathe the pure country air. Here you must pay a duty to get over this obstacle. I wonder could these toll gates be monuments also. When I come to one of these barriers raised by ourselves against ourselves, I face it as I would an enemy and would willingly tear it down. What a provocation these toll-gates are! What is the use of them in our way? Is there anything more stupid than to be obliged to pay nine-pence to get out of the city? Of all impositions, is not this the most absurd, the most vexatious and the most intolerable? We are crushed with taxes in the city, where we smother, and to get out of it, we have to pay, and that pretty roundly too. And this is what we call a free country, where even the road is not our own! To tread the soil of our forefathers, which ought to be somewhat ours as well, and which will remain so until the americans have eaten us up alive, we must pay fifteen cents to a commission of cerberi who keep a far more vigilant watch over the avenues, than the devil himself does over his pots and chauldrons. I therefore fearlessly assert that toll-gates are unworthy of civilization. Where, in what other country can we find such vestiges of barbarian days? In Montreal, the authorities were so much ashamed of them that two years ago they put them back three miles. This at least is an improvement and even a very important step, for a country where progress advances by inches instead of miles; and after all, what is three miles in a confederation that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and which has just added Newfoundland in order to be more convenient to the pole! In a great many country places the same state of things prevails, and private enterprise monopolizes our public ways. There are bridges you cannot pass over freely without forking out twenty-five cents; here at least

conscience comes in for something, for it is strictly forbidden to trot thereon, in order, of course, to prolong your pleasure and give you the worth of your money.

Let us return to the city, since there is no means of getting out of it. This city, hardly as large as the palm of your hand, where you can scarcely turn around without tearing your clothes, is stuck up on a promontory like a sore on a horse's back. Her population is crushed, squeezed and huddled up, and still she has her romantic spots, her ready-made little parcs, from which, however, we manage to exclude the public. See that thick-set oasis, that delightful little retreat called, I believe, the military garden, and lying contiguous to St. John's monumental gate. Should you trace your steps towards the wooden palisade that protects it against your ingress, but that cannot protect it against the eye, you will remark a secular garden, the most beautiful of all gardens, and laid out on pretty much the same plan as the city, with walks leading to wherever they can, but sheltered by the thick and paternal shade of venerable and verdant trees, whose unchecked branches are respected by the pruner; the soft and undulating verdure, untouched by the shears, sinking beneath the foot it kisses to rest, like the rich and silky furs that caress the hand of the caresser; there are sweet little bowers, half hidden in the shade, mysterious nooks where calm and peace reign untroubled and invite the poet and solitary dreamer; the horrible sight of the surrounding ramparts is intercepted by a generous foliage that seems conscious of its mission and lavishes its protection. I do not know exactly the extent of this garden, but I am sure it could accommodate the elite of our promenaders who have no other alternative left but the eternal Durham Terrace, with its six square feet, to which three more feet are to be added these twenty years past; but this has not yet been done. Here again, almost

linked with this terrace, where the eye embraces perhaps the grandest panorama under the sun, have we not another magnificent garden belonging to the public by right and from which the public is excluded ?

Every body finds fault with the limited accommodation the platform affords, while contiguous to it is a delightful garden forbidden to all, although it belongs to the city. It would be so easy to satisfy the appetite of the Normal-School and the rights of the citizens by prolonging the platform as far as the glacis ; this could be done by taking in a mere strip of the Governor's Garden.

What enchanting evenings could be spent if the platform were prolonged about six times its actual length ! Can anything be conceived to equal such a promenade ? and to think that for the sake of a few thousand dollars we drawback and hesitate this quarter of a century to treat ourselves to one of most magnificent spectacles ! Our city is a little Eden. It is a flower-bed in blossom on the summit of a roc and we neglect even to water it. Satisfied with nature's lavishness we do nothing to acknowledge her generosity or complete what she has almost finished. We are accustomed to the admiration of strangers and we ask for nothing more, forgetting that admiration, like all our keener feelings, soon wears away, and that if Quebec has greatness enough to rivet every eye, we, by a shameful neglect, give her back a hundredfold in return for her splendor.

Our little city of Quebec, gentlemen, is an inexhaustible theme. I have been digging at it these five years with my pen and have not found bottom. Poets of centuries to come shall lack in fire and inspiration to sing her unparalleled beauties, as myself to day cannot find words strong enough to tell the sum of our ingratitude and of our bane-

ful lethargy. Will we ever awaken and open our eyes in earnest? Our task, our duty towards Quebec, does not solely consist in making side-walks, macadamizing roads, heaping stones upon rocks or filling up holes and ruts; we must place her without a rival as to her public walks, as she is already unrivalled as a site. If the Corporation be too poor, let private purses unloosen their strings and let out their gifts to intelligence and progress. Such things are to be seen all over the world and especially in the United-States, where voluntary contributions come to the aid of an insufficient municipal treasury for the adornment, the sanitary improvements and the development of cities in every respect. Were I to insist on examples of this kind, I could lay before you facts that would really astonish you as to the liberality of some american citizens towards their native or adoptive cities. These men understand and are thoroughly convinced that the progress of the city they inhabit, whatever may be its form or its object, must conduce to the building of their own fortunes, and that the keeping of improvements and salubrity, hand in hand with industry and prosperity is the only means of increasing their clients and customers.

Let us all unite, gentlemen, in bringing our millionaires forward. Let them open their coffers and not only will they contribute to the public weal, but also to their own personal happiness. They will receive in return the greatest and dearest of all rewards, the unsparing eulogiums of that press which I have criticised at such a length and which, I hope, will never again deserve to hear such painful truths from the lips of its best friend.